

fore they set about it. So that it was about six o'clock before Atlas was out, and the money was in, and the Sandhill Bank opened its doors for business.

"We gained just the time we needed," said Mr. Bradshaw. "It was dirt-cheap at fifty pounds!"

And Dick, although he did not get the Albert Medal, was taken into partnership, and married Fanny Flirtington. It was the only way of preventing her seeing things she was not meant to see out of the window at 2 A.M., and chattering about them in public.

The Ghost of Madame Jahn

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.....THE SENATE

The following extract is taken from a powerfully written story in the Senate:

How we all stared, how frightened we were, how we passed opinions, on that morning when Gustave Herbout was found swinging by the neck from the ceiling of his bedroom! Only last week he had inherited all the money of his aunt, Madame Jahn, together with her house and the shop with five assistants, and life looked fair enough for him. Besides, his aunt's death had happened in a time when Gustave was in sore straits for money. To be sure, he had his salary from the bank in which he worked; but what is a mere salary to one who, like Gustave, threw off the clerky habit when working hours were over, to assume the dress and lounge of the accustomed boulevardier.

Gustave strolled along the Boulevard des Capucines in a study. When he had passed through the deserted Faubourg, and had come to the house behind the shop, he found his aunt only very pleased to see him, and a little surprised. So he sat with her, and listened to her gentle, homely stories and told lies about himself and his manner of life till the clock struck eleven. Then he rose; and Madame Jahn rose too, and went to her writing-desk and opened a small drawer.

"You have been very kind to a lonely old woman to-night, my Gustave," said Madame Jahn, smiling.

"How sweet of you to say that, dearest aunt!" replied Gustave. He went over and passed his arm caressingly across her shoulders, and stabbed her in the heart.

For a full five minutes after the murder he stood still; as men often do in a great crisis when they know that any movement means decisive action. Then he started, laid hold of his hat, and made for the door. But there the stinging knowledge of his crime came to him for the first time, and he turned back into the room. Madame Jahn's bedroom candle was on a table; he lit it, and passed through a door which led from the house into the shop. Crouching below the counters covered with white sheets, lest a streak of light on the windows might attract the observation of some passenger, he proceeded to a side entrance to the shop, unlocked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Then, in the same crouching way, he returned to the room, and started to ransack the small drawer. The notes he scattered about the floor; but two small bags of coin went into his coat. Then he took the candle and dropped some wax on the face and hands and dress of the corpse; he spilt wax, too, over the carpet, and then broke the candle and ground it under foot.

When all these things had been accomplished, he went to the house door and listened. The Faubourg is

always very quiet about twelve o'clock, and a single footstep falls on the night with a great sound. He could not hear the least noise, so he darted out and ran lightly till he came to a turning. There he fell into a sauntering walk, lit a cigarette, and hailing a passing voiture, directed the man to drive to the Pont Saint-Michel. At the bridge he alighted, and, noting he was not eyed, he threw the key of the shop into the river.

On the night after the funeral, Gustave was sitting alone before the fire in Madame Jahn's room, smoking and making his plans. He thought that, when all this wretched mock grief and pretence of decorum was over, he would again visit the cafés which he greatly favored, and the little Mademoiselle with yellow hair would once more smile on him delicious smiles gleaming with regard. Thus he was thinking when the clock on the mantelpiece tinkled eleven; and at that moment a very singular thing happened. The door was suddenly opened: a girl came in, walked straight over to the writing-desk, pulled out the small drawer, and then sat staring at the man by the fire. She was distinctly beautiful; although there was a certain old-fashionedness in her peculiar silken dress, and her habit of wearing her hair. Not once did it occur to Gustave, as he gazed in terror, that he was gazing on a mortal woman: the doors were too well bolted to allow any one from outside to enter; and besides, there was a strange baffling familiarity in the face and mien of the intruder.

It might have been an hour that he sat there; and then, the silence becoming too horrible, by a supreme effort of his wonderful courage he rushed out of the room and upstairs to get his hat. There in his murdered aunt's bedroom—there, smiling at him from the wall—was a vivid presentment of the dread vision that sat below—a portrait of Madame Jahn as a young girl. He fled into the street, and walked perhaps two miles before he thought at all. But when he did think, he found that he was drawn against his will back to the house to see if it was still there; just as the police here believe a murderer is drawn to the Morgue to view the body of his victim. Yes, the girl was there still, with her great reproachless eyes; and throughout that solemn night, Gustave, haggard and mute, sat glaring at her. Towards dawn he fell into an uneasy doze; and when he awoke with a scream, he found that the girl was gone.

At noon the next day, Gustave, heartened by several glasses of brandy, and cheered by the sunshine in the Champs-Élysées, endeavored to make light of the affair. He would gladly have arranged not to go back to the house; but then people would talk so much, and he could not afford to loose any custom out of the shop. Moreover, the whole matter was only an hallucination, the effect of jaded nerves. He dined well, and went to see a musical comedy, and so contrived that he did not return to the house till after two o'clock. There was some one waiting for him, sitting at the desk with the small drawer open—not the girl of last night, but a somewhat older woman, and the same reproachless eyes. So great was the fascination of those eyes that, although he left the house at once with an iron resolution not to go back, he found himself drawn under them again, and he sat through that night as he had sat through the night before, sobbing and stupidly glaring.

And all day long he crouched by the fire shuddering, and all the night till eleven o'clock; and then a figure

of his aunt came to him again, but always a little older and more withered. And this went on for five days, the figure that sat with him becoming older and older as the days ran; till, on the sixth night, he gazed through the hours at his aunt as she was on the night he killed her. On these nights he was used sometimes to start up and make for the street, swearing never to return; but always he would be dragged back to the eyes. The policemen came to know him from these night walks, and people began to notice his bad looks.

On the seventh night there was a delay of about five minutes after the clock had rung eleven before the door opened. And then—then, merciful God! the body of a woman in grave-clothes came into the room, as if borne by unseen men, and lay in the air across the writing-desk, while the small drawer flew open of its own accord. Yes, there was the shroud of the brown scapular, the prim white cap, the hands folded on the shrunken breast. Gray from slimy horror, Gustave raised himself up and went over to look for the eyes. When he saw them pressed down with pennies, he reeled back and nearly fell into the grate. Then blind and sick and loathing, he stumbled upstairs.

But as he passed by Madame Jahn's bedroom the corpse came out to meet him, with the eyes closed and the pennies pressing them down. Then at last, reeking and dabbled with sweat, with his tongue lolling out, Gustave breathed:

"Are you alive?"

"No, no!" wailed the thing, with a burst of awful weeping, "I have been dead many days."

Chimmie Fadden Makes Friends

E. W. TOWNSEND....CHIMMIE FADDEN (LOVELL, CORYELL)

"Say, I'm a dead easy winner to-day. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

"Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's torrowbred, an' dat goes. Say, do you know wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose east side missionaries. She's one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women and kids.

"Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in 'er, an' he raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well, I couldn't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes ter me room wid grub an' reads to me. Dat's what she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I says: 'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?'

"She was kinder white in de gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Yer kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles, an' says: 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: 'If you'll tump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says: 'If you'll trash de cur I'll give yer somethin', an'

she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meant, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"Den I went fer 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de vest so sudden he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' tover he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

"Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See? When she got me outside she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she gave me de fiver an' says: 'I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' yer into temptation, but yer done 'im brown.'

"Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not 'done 'im brown'; dat's wot dey meant—say, 'trashed 'im well.' Dat's right. 'Trashed 'im well' was her very words. See?

"Say, I knowed ye'd be paralyzed wen ye seed me in dis harness. It's up in G, ain't it? Dat's right. Say, remember me tellin' ye 'bout de mug I tumped fer the loidy on de Bowery? de loidy wot give me de five and squared me wid der perlice? Dat's right. Well, say, she is a torrowbred, an' dat goes. See? Dat evenin' wot d'ye tink she done? She brought 'is Whiskers ter see me.

"Naw, I ain't stringin' ye. 'Is Whiskers is de loidy's fadder. Sure.

"'E comes ter me room wid der loidy, 'is Whiskers does, an' 'e says, says 'e, 'Is dis Chimmie Fadden?'

"'Yer dead on,' says I.

"'Wot t'ell?' 'e says, turnin' to 'is daughter. 'Wot does de young man say?' 'e says.

"Den de loidy she kinder smiled—say, yer otter seed 'er smile. Say, it's outter sight. Dat's right. Well, she says: 'I tink I understan' Chimmie's langwudge,' she says. 'E means 'e is de kid yuse lookin' fer. 'E's de very mug.'

"Dat's wot she says; somet'n' like dat, only a felley can't just remember 'er langwudge.

"Den 'is Whiskers gives me a song an' dance 'bout me bein' a brave young man fer tumpin' der mug wot insulted 'is daughter, an' 'bout 'is heart bein' all broke dat 'is daughter should be doin' missioner work in der sluns.

"I says, 'Wot t'ell'; but der loidy she says, 'Chimmie,' says she, 'me fadder needs a footman,' she says, 'an I taut you'd be de very mug fer der job,' says she. See?

"Say, I was all broke up, and couldn't say nuttin', fer 'is Whiskers was so solemn. See?

"'Wot's yer lay now?' says 'is Whiskers, or somet'in' like dat.

"Say, I could 'ave give 'im a string 'bout me bein' a hard-workin' boy, but I knowed der loidy was dead on ter me; so I only says, says I, 'Wot t'ell?' says I, like dat, 'Wot t'ell?' See?

"Den 'is Whiskers was kinder paralyzed like, an' 'e turns to 'is daughter an' 'e says, dese is 'is very words, 'e says:

"'Really, Fannie,' 'e says, 'really, Fannie, you must enterpert dis young man's langwudge,' he says. See?

"Den she laffs an' says, says she: